

CLUB OF THE BUSINESS WOMEN.

LUNCHEON HOUR AT ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL PARISH HOUSE.

Some 200 Members Now in the Rev. Dr. Geer's Club—Nice to Be Where There Are No Men, Some of Them Say—Forks and Better Clubrooms in the Future.

The Rev. Dr. W. Mortimer Geer of St. Paul's Chapel has got his club for business and professional women into working order and a good many members go there for luncheon daily. The hours for luncheon are from 11 to 2.

Miss Gertrude Geer, sister of the vicar, was in charge the day a SUN reporter called to see how it was getting along. She had a corps of young women to assist her, and all were busy with preparations for the coming rush.

Square tables are set down the room. In the center of each is a Japanese napkin, lined with a vine of morning glories and in the middle stands a pitcher of condensed milk—for the day was stormy and the real cream was not to be had. Flanking this pitcher is a glass sugar bowl and on the right center left are two spoons that are so bright that they glare.

An inner room has been turned into a temporary kitchen and with an equipment of gas stove, carving tables and cooking utensils looks as if it had been up since twelve o'clock ready for duty. There is a steady tramping of masculine feet, some accompanied by large bundles of bread for the sandwiches and other supplies. A ruddy faced boy with a blue tie comes in laden with charlottes, which he puts down in a corner and eyes hungrily. The ham, which is piled in rosy heaps that match the wall in tone, is from the very best shop in town. One of Miss Geer's assistants remarks that "everything is just as good as if it came from your own home."

Besides the messengers the clerical visitors are the only men admitted, and they come frequently. They are much interested in the delicatessen products, the aromatic coffee and the spicy sandwiches. Some of them snoop. All of them sniff.

A little smaller to-day. Now, what do you think of giving 'em three pieces for five cents instead of two?"

They all agree that there mustn't be the faintest suspicion of being gouged. So whenever a small half of sandwich is discovered on a plate another is added.

Twelve o'clock strikes and they all look at one another, then at the stairway expectantly. The visitors from THE SUN yield to the temptation of the coffee and signify their willingness to be the first served.

"Just help yourselves," says Miss Geer.



AWAY FROM THE MEN.

As soon as this question is settled big platters containing ham and egg sandwiches are brought in and placed in convenient places. Miss Geer wipes a spot of dust off a pink cup. The cashier changes the dime heap to the side of the nickel heap and counts something on his fingers.

"and you keep account of what you eat. The cashier will add it up for you. That's right."

You load yourself with a plate, Jap nap, cup and saucer, two sandwiches with a piece thrown in, and deposit them on a chosen table. Then you come back for a spoon. Later you return for a fork with which to eat the egg sandwich, which has turned out to be a soft boiled instead of medium or hard, and at your request Miss Geer apologizes.

"We haven't any forks yet, but we will have," she says. "You don't mind eating the egg sandwich with a spoon this time? No? Of course not. All the girls do so. They're such nice girls, not a bit of trouble fussing around."

Just at the second helping there is a sound of scurrying footsteps and from that time on the room fills rapidly. Miss Geer greets each one by name. Once she is

puzzled and it is not until the girl mentions the fact that her father used to be a vintner at St. Paul's that she remembers her; then she points out a specially delicious ham sandwich. In the course of half an hour the special greeting has to give place to the general.

There are all sorts and kinds of girls who take advantage of the new club—the red cheeked beginner, whose complexion has not yet faded to the pallor of office imprisonment, and the tired woman who has grown gray in color and temperament in service. There is the smartly gowned business woman and the shabby one, but the majority are remarkably well-gowned, with a trimness and a lack of superfluous ornament which is refreshing.

Groups of friends meet and sit together. The strange girl finds an inviting hand outstretched, and Miss Geer flies about telling of the hot stews and the soups and the forks they are going to have as soon as they get really started.

At present the membership has reached the 200 mark and shows a steady increase. It is all very homely and hospitable.

A membership card entitles its holder to 25 cents worth of food. On the back of each of these cards the name and address of the owner are written.

No questions are asked. The cashier simply writes the name and address given on the back of the card and hands it to the purchaser so she won't forget her own name and place of business, but he makes no entry for the use of the club.

Miss Geer and the cashier state together and separately that the ambition of the newly formed club is to have a suite of rooms somewhere downtown where the girls will have more space and greater convenience. The parish house is only a temporary shelter.

The Club of Chicago is cited as a successful contemporary, having grown and developed along very successful lines, its object being, like that of the St. Paul Chapel Club, the good of the girls who have joined. Already Dr. Geer has received many letters from business men commending his project; one or two have applied for stenographers and some checks have been sent to help in the preliminaries.

"We never ask all questions of the girls," says Miss Geer. "Why should we? They don't ask any of us. We want the girls to feel that we are working toward a future and if they are willing to help in the beginning they will profit by whatever is accomplished."

The prices of food are on a cost basis, five cents for a cup of tea, coffee or cocoa, five cents for a large sandwich, and five



"I WILL NOT LUNCH WITH YOU, YOU NAUGHTY MAN."

cents for cake or pie. All the money above the expenses will be put aside for the new clubrooms.



THE ONLY MEN ALLOWED TO ENTER.

After luncheon some of the girls open and play on the piano. Miss Geer and her assistants go about with the latest magazines for distribution. Downstairs in the reading room proper some of the girls sew, some write letters, others curl up and lost to their surroundings, finish some fascinating work of fiction.

"Isn't it nice," says one of these, "that

we can come to a place where there are no men? When you've been shut up in an office with the average man and seen him in his business mood, with his back off, it's a question of keeping yourself from scratching his eyes out. This place just irons me out."

"There has been an awful lot said," replied another smart looking business woman, "about a woman never being able to adapt herself to office requirements, that she is always too feminine. That is all rot."

"The women I know are much more adaptable than the men. The mere sight of a skirt in an office too often acts as an unsettle. The business man who thinks because he pays his stenographer \$12 a week he is entitled to fill up every one of her spare moments with accounts of his desperately unhappy home positively makes me disgusted. It gives only know what stenographers suffer from this they'd sympathize with."

"Jealousy, I think, well, perhaps. I know one wife said to me once when she had come over to this office. 'I don't see how you stand my husband all day. If I had him I'd be out of my mind.'"

"A little lady like a woman who toys daintily with a charlotte russe and who has lived a life of business activity and preserved her charming femininity tells how the lower part of the city has changed since she first came there."

"In those pioneer days," she says, "most of the big firms had their work done at the typewriting office and after thought of having their own secretaries. The women who had charge of these offices made a great deal of money. I was one of them, but I lost all I made in speculation."

"Now I am glad to get \$10 a week, for prices are steadily decreasing and will until women get the outside and learn to organize. There is no sentiment in a business office. That is proved by the few marriages that take place. Even now it is considered a matter of newspaper comment when a man marries a stenographer."

"There's another change very evident to any one who has studied this question closely. Women who are married and in business no longer think it necessary to hide the fact in order not to offend the sentiments of the head of the office, who might object to the married woman on the ground that her husband should be able to support her."

Husband and wife come downtown together, the woman going to her office, the man to his; they take luncheon together and go up town in the afternoon; their combined salaries allow them to live and dress better than if they were dependent on the man's salary alone."

"No one ever thinks now of questioning this arrangement. The man is no longer a subject for ridicule and the woman one of pity. It is the natural evolution of women in the business world and the compromise with natural laws."



HELPING HANDS FROM UPTOWN.

Both snopes and sniffs are those of approbation.

One of the clerks in the absence of Dr. Geer acts as temporary cashier and he piles the dimes, nickels and coppers into neat heaps so that he need not be unduly hurried when it is necessary to add up the cost of two pieces of pie, one sandwich and a cup and a half of coffee, and to take the sum total from a \$5 bill.

He seems wrought up about something and as soon as he gets through his house-keeping he unburies his trouble.

"We mustn't gouge them," he says to one of the workers impressively, "for I was noticing that these sandwiches were

ADDED HEIGHT FOR WOMEN.

TO SEEM TALL A RESETTING FEMININE DESIRE.

It Is Largely a Matter of Dressing—A Graceful Carriage Increases the Effect of Height—Exercises for Short Women—The Duchess Who Gained Three Inches

A French figure moulder stood in front of a lay figure.

"I am draping it for a dressmaker," said she, "and I get \$25 for my work."

"You see, I am considered an expert at my business, and every day dressmakers come to me for hints. They want to know how to make their customers look taller."

"Frequently they bring lay figures to me to be dressed. I understand the art of making even a lay figure look tall."

"There is a furor now among girls, American girls especially, to look tall. Even the French woman who has hitherto been content to look chic, is anxious to look higher than she is."

"This opens up a new field for the artistic woman; and I fell into it immediately. My special mission is to make a woman look a great deal taller than she really is. In some cases this is very difficult; in others it is very easy."

"There are women who naturally look short. They are tall enough, but they are so fat that they look dumpty. The only thing is to reduce the weight."

"The girl who is too short must get thin. Thin people always look taller than they really are."

"But there are girls who are so short that they look little in spite of being thin. No matter how slender they still look little. Here is good advice for them:

"Don't, if you are short, wear tight fitting clothing. The little thin woman who puts on tight dresses will look weazen. She will look old."

"Dress your shoulders so as to make them seem broad if you are little. It adds to your height. That is the secret of the figure of the Gibson girl. She is broad shouldered."

"Shoulder puffs, fat sleeves and all sorts of devices for increasing the breadth of the shoulders, were invented, not for the fat girl, but for the short girl. They are becoming and the modest clinging to them."

"The short girl can also make herself look taller by wearing long skirts. These increase the apparent height and make her graceful. They may not be hygienic, but they are immensely becoming."

"The short girl may wear stripes running lengthwise, and she may wear the princess dress and she can, if she so desires, get herself up in trimmings and stars that run from head to foot. All of these will make her look a little taller."

"But she should not overdo the matter. The short girl should never be conspicuous in dress nor should she wear many frills. They make her look old and fussy."

"But there are other things besides dress to make the short girl look tall, and one of these is her carriage. The short woman should dress her hair as high as possible, and if necessary add a tall comb to make it still higher."

"There is a certain short girl I know of. She wears high heels, but not high enough to make her look awkward. She dresses in tan colored gowns and wears and gray. She wears everything to make her look

larger than she really is, for she does not weigh 100 pounds. Her skirts are striped and flowered, checked and plaided. This girl's hair is always done high. And on top she wears a hat well lifted at one side and trimmed with a rather high plume. No one suspects how short she really is.

"There are still other ways of making a

girl look tall. One of these is by making her muscles supple.

"The girl who carries herself slowly and stiffly, who walks on such high heels that she appears to be on stilts, who moves as though she were in a vise will always look short—provided she is naturally short."

"But the short girl whose muscles are

supple, the short girl who can move lightly and gracefully, the short girl who understands how to bend and bow and who can go through a room easily and without self-consciousness, this is the girl who looks taller and more stylish than she really is."

"Let the short girl make herself graceful, let her exercise her muscles until they are

supple, let her take off her stilts and put on heels that are moderately high; let her dress her hair high and lengthen her skirts and she will immediately begin to look taller."

"These rules are known to every one who moulds the feminine figure and they are put into practice in every establishment in Paris."

One day there came into a Paris beauty shop the Duchess of Z. The Duchess is a charming little woman, vivacious and the very embodiment of chic. But this morning she seemed discontented to her spirit.

"I am too short," she said to the beauty doctor with a sigh, "and yet I do not know how to make myself look taller. I would give 50 francs this minute if I could add three inches to my height."

"The beauty doctor held out her hand. 'Deposit the money with me,' she said with a smile, 'and I will add three inches to your height.'"

"The clever beauty manipulator made the duchess put on a short skirt and exercise with a waltz. 'Your figure is too broad,' she said, 'and your shoulders are too narrow. Your hips are heavy and they make you look dumpty. You must be slender around the hips and waist. You must take off five pounds immediately.'"

"The duchess took five pounds off her hips and she seemed, as she reduced her waist line, to grow taller somehow. 'I would give 100 francs this minute if I could add three inches to my height.'"

"It is always the case," said the beauty doctor, 'as you reduce your hips you make yourself look more stately.'"

"Then the duchess took exercise to broaden her shoulders. She made her chest expand and she inflated her lungs, drawing back her elbows and breathing deeply."

"Pretty soon she began to widen in the bust and chest and her shoulders began to have that broad Gibson look. Truly the treatment worked wonders in her case. The dumptiness was all gone."

"The duchess received a lesson in holding up her chin. It is marvelous how much can be done in that line. Hold up your chin and you will seem to be taller."

"That is one of the charms of the French woman, namely, that she holds her head so high. It is well back always."

"Some of the most beautiful stage women have been very short, but you would not suspect it. Some of the best actors have been very diminutive, but you would not guess it. They knew how to make themselves look tall."

"Bernhardt isn't a tall woman, but she is so slender that she looks tall. Then, too, she dresses in long loose straight lines that add to her height."

"She is mistress of the art of looking very tall without many inches to her credit. Study the pictures of Bernhardt and take a lesson or two in looking tall."

"Short girls usually carry themselves badly. If they would stand up they would look very much better."

"Let the short girl take physical culture lessons until her muscles are supple, then let her walk as though she enjoyed it, with a buoyant step, and let her learn to broaden her shoulders. It will do her a power of good from a beauty standpoint."

"The short girl should take walking and stretching exercises. In the latter she simply lies down flat and reaches as far over her head as possible with her arms."

"The man or woman who is too short would do well to practice the neck movements. This gives suppleness to the walk and to the general carriage."

"The short girl who can turn her head gracefully and whose hair is properly done will look taller than the girl who sits with her chin down and her neck apparently trussed. Ease and grace of motion will do wonders for the short girl."



BY THEIR GOWNS ACTRESSES MAKE THEMSELVES LOOK THIN.

THE FRENCH WOMAN CULTIVATES A GRACEFUL MOTION OF THE ARMS.

LONG CLASSIC FOLDS MAKE A WOMAN LOOK TALLER.

AN ENGLISH TURF ROMANCE.

The Marquis of Hastings's Bride and Henry Chaplin's Revenge.

The death of Lady Chetwynd, better known as the Marchioness of Hastings, brings to a close a romantic career marked in particular by a runaway marriage, and the sequel in the form of the most sensational Derby ever seen on Epsom Downs.

In the early '80s the Marchioness, who was a daughter of the second Marquis of Anglesey, was the greatest beauty in English society. The admiral she appeared most to favor was Henry Chaplin, who dabbled in politics and was a patron of the turf. The couple eventually became engaged.

But the fact that she was affianced did not damp the ardor of one of her old suitors. This was the Marquis of Hastings, who was just then at the zenith of his sensational career on the turf.

Owner of the most costly and perhaps the best stable in the world, accustomed to make enormous wagers, he was an attractive figure in the eyes of the sport loving daughter of a sport loving father. The persistence of the gambling Marquis at last had its effect.

Three days before the date fixed for the wedding young Chaplin and his betrothed drove up to the Piccadilly entrance of a store. Mr. Chaplin remained in the cab while the lady went inside to make some purchases.

The Marquis, who had followed the couple, entered the store unobserved by Chaplin, and ten minutes later left by the Regent street entrance, but not alone. Chaplin had lost in the game of love. His bride-elect had fled with his rival.

Smarting under his defeat and enraged at the trick which had been played upon him, he vowed that sooner or later he would get even with the Marquis. Three years later he tasted the sweets of revenge.

In the winter of 1885-87 his horse Hermit was made favorite for the Derby, but some weeks before the race the animal went wrong and it seemed improbable that he would be able to run. One of the first to hear that Hermit was amiss was the generally well informed Marquis, who immediately began to lay against the horse. He appeared to delight in this, for since his marriage he had shown a tendency to laugh at his discomfited rival.

But whenever the Marquis opened his betting book at Tattersall's or in the ring and offered to lay against Hermit his challenge was accepted. In spite of this Hermit's price became longer and longer, for reports concerning the animal became worse and worse, the Newmarket touts ridiculing his chances of winning.

The truth was that Hermit's real condition was one of the best kept secrets on record. The horse had gone badly amiss, but Mr. Chaplin enlisted the services of an army officer, Capt. Matchell, in many respects the most astute English turfite of the last half century, and the Captain put the horse on his legs again.

But the curious thing, though Matchell and Chaplin may not have regarded it as particularly curious, was that the animal did not recover his appearance and when

the day of the race came and he was led on the course he was received with cries of derision and voted to be the most watched looking creature that had ever competed for the blue ribbon of the turf. To make matters worse it was an execrable day, rain, sleet and snow falling.

The appearance of the horse and the state of the weather served to put the Marquis of Hastings in high good humor and although he had already laid an enormous sum against Mr. Chaplin's candidate he wagered thousands upon thousands more, every offer being accepted by the stable's agent. Hermit started at 10 to 1 against, plodded through the heavy going and the blinding snow, and won.

The horse had revenge on his master's one time rival. Mr. Chaplin won £150,000 and Capt. Matchell £40,000 (\$200,000 and more than half of this total sum of nearly a million dollars had to be paid out of the estate of the Marquis of Hastings.

His wild plunging had already greatly depleted his fortune and the victory of Hermit came as a crushing blow, one from which he never recovered. A year later he ended his life with his own hand. Mr. Chaplin's revenge was complete.

It might be thought that a tragedy of this kind would have put an end to the Marchioness's passion for the turf, which had been almost as great as her husband's, but such was far from being the case. Astuteness and daring in the management and racing of horses appealed to her as nothing else did, and in 1870 she again astonished society by marrying Sir George Chetwynd, who was then being beaten by much talked about at Newmarket and who also, like her first husband, made turf history.

Having lost and won several fortunes, he eventually became bankrupt in the case of Chetwynd against Durham, alleging that the Earl of Durham had libelled him regarding the running and ownership of his horses. As before the Marchioness was on the losing side, for Sir George lost his case and at once retired from any further active participation in turf affairs.

Mr. Chaplin, it is well known, eventually became a distinguished figure in English political life.

HIGH JUMPING AT SEA.

A Whale That Jumped Over a Boat—Tunas That Leap 30 Feet.

"The most stupendous of all leapers of the sea," says a writer in *Ouing*, "is the whale. I have seen a monster weighing hundreds of tons, possibly eighty feet in length, rise slowly and deliberately out of the water until it appeared to be dancing on the surface, entirely clear of it, then sink slowly back."

"Such a leap is on record in the annals of the British Navy. A large whale cleared a boat, going completely over it, an estimated leap of twenty feet in air—how many in a lateral direction was not known."

"Exactly how high a tuna can leap it is difficult to say. I have seen the water beaten into foam by them four miles distant, and have a photograph showing a fish—a black streak at least a mile distant in air—a jump of certainly ten or fifteen feet; and it is my opinion, based on what I have seen, that it is possible for a tuna to leap to a height of twenty feet into the air and thirty or forty feet in a horizontal direction."

"I judge the latter leap possible from the leap of a big tuna which cleared the kelp and landed high on the rocks at Santa Catalina. I have seen a school of leaping tunas and watched them, but the situation is not one suggestive of repose or peace of mind."